

The Omen

"Jon"

Beaten to death
by angry
feminists

The Omen

Volume 6, Number 6
November 3, 1995

*** EDITORS ***

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jethro Lance Heiko
Jeremy Treppin
Casey Nordell

**"Jack don't know shit about the
obsenity laws."**

-Luther Campbell

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?



Take This "Safe Space" And Shove It

There was a meeting this past week at the Women's Center about what to do with sex offenders if they are re-admitted into the school, focussed around one particular case. Many people argued that these sex offenders shouldn't be allowed to come back to Hampshire under almost any condition.

The individual who organized the meeting seemed very upset at the fact that she couldn't get any more information on her assailant then a) he was re-admitted and b) she could (and logically, did) get a restraining order. She wanted to know the conditions of his re-entry, where he was living, and a few more things that I forget at this moment in time.

This made me realize: Wow, people here are really delusional about how the world works. There were a bunch of claims which sounded something like, "I pay 29,000 dollars for this school, that should buy me some safety so I can study like the good little student I am." I have many problems with this. First of all, not everyone pays 29 grand to go here, so does that mean that they shouldn't be granted as much safety as full-paying students? Second, does the fact that you are a student give you the right to be

impervious to crime? Finally, If you are not consistently studying 24 hours a day (which I'm sure that everyone does), does that mean you have less rights than someone who does?

Two words: Wake up. This is reality, and no matter how much money you pay, no matter what occupation you have, and no matter how much you study; Things happen in life that are not necessarily the things you want. Now, I'm from New York City, so I'm very aware that things such as crime exist, and it's a beautiful thing that Hampshire has, statistically, so little crime in general, and especially in comparison to the national average. It would be really nice, but you just can't obliterate crime.

First of all, in reality, you're lucky if you can a) catch the person who committed the crime, whatever it is, and then successfully prosecute them, and b) keep track of them their entire life, so you can avoid them, or force them to avoid you. To the woman who ran this event: Consider yourself fortunate that you know the information you do, it's a lot more than you'd get anyplace else. Also, realistically this guy is probably not going to risk his future further by attempting to become your best friend

whenever he returns to campus. He was probably forced to go into counseling, and the school would probably not have re-admitted him if he seemed to be unstable in any respect upon referring with the counsellor. In cases such as this, the school would have to do their homework for fear of liability, and in case you haven't noticed, this school is very fearful of liability.

Incidentally, I also don't believe in the concept of "Safe Spaces". That is not up to you, that's up to whoever wants you to feel unsafe. Now, this is merely an assumption, but I'm sure part of the reason that this was held in the Woman's Center was that it was a "Safe Space". This event could have easily occupied the East or West Lecture Halls in FPH, or the auditorium in ASH. You think you're safe there, but it isn't necessarily so. If one went to U-Mass and brought forty drunk fratboys by telling them they could score, and then they invaded the "Safe Space", how safe would it's inhabitants feel? Safety, unfortunately isn't up to you, and if you choose to take advantage of the recourses of the world, then you must (also unfortunately) subject yourself to the

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Life, Love, and Loss

"You must come home now. Your father is very ill." My mother's voice trembled on the other end of the line. I remember these words vividly, although I heard them three years ago. It was finals week, first semester of my sophomore year at UMass. For me and my family this was the beginning.

I returned home late that evening. Too late to go to the hospital. I sat down at the kitchen table, exhausted. My mom told me about my father's condition, I had not seen him for about four weeks, since Thanksgiving. We would go to the hospital early the next morning. All I knew was that dad had not been eating, had a bloated abdomen and probably had some form of cancer. The next morning I saw a man very

different from the father I saw less than one month earlier.

It turned out that my father did have cancer. And it was terminal. Confused and unsure of what to do, I convinced myself that I should return to school for the spring, taking fewer classes and organizing a schedule around a three day weekend. I returned home each week assisting my mother and father in taking care of his needs. He could not eat so we had to feed him intravenously. He was becoming very weak. I would bathe him and dress him. Even though his condition was deteriorating he continued to do the things he loved. And he loved to go for walks with me. Even in his weakened condition he did his best, sometimes only making it to the border of our yard, some-

times making it around our block. The company was always good, and I believe I learned more in five minutes with my father on these walks than I have learned in my four years as a student.

As summer came, the good-byes began. Family and friends came to the house to have their last moments with Lance, who was now in a room which we had transformed into a more comfortable version of a hospital. Often times I spoke with the guests as they left my father's room. They all talked of his physical state, how he looked so old for such a young man. However, as they continued talking they spoke of a man who had a tremendous amount to give. Many of them felt nervous in coming but he eased them into the situation, calmed them and consoled them, and blessed them for being there throughout his life.

In early July my father died, my family surrounding him, I and my brother holding his hands.

Following his death my memory gets a bit fuzzy. I returned to school, was physically ill, depressed and very angry throughout the semester. During

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The End of Jon

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world's drawbacks. I think the Women's Center should stop buying nice furniture, and start saving money to purchase a biosphere that all the die-hards can live in.

I was also going to address the illusion some people call "empowerment", but I'll save that for the month-long "Take

Back The Night" rally next semester. Hopefully I'll also get around to addressing the Uncle Fester Lesbian phenomina as well, and how they seem to be a Huxlian/Orwellian/Randian dream come true.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen

Support is Out There

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that fall I decided to leave school during the winter and go on a pilgrimage. This decision was difficult, I had never traveled overseas. However, I had grown up with a father who traveled all over the world and always expressed satisfaction with the many experiences he had. I decided to go to the Middle East; Egypt and Israel.

Traveling broadened me, it helped me understand American culture better and helped me understand myself and the experiences that have dominated my life ever since that phone call three years ago. After I returned to UMass, I decided that this community needed to support students who are dealing with the serious illness or death of someone important in their life. My negative experiences created a need to reach out to others and change our community so that no student is left isolated during these experiences unless they choose to be.

After one year under the name the Grief Survival Group I have created REFLECT, the 5 College Bereavement Support Program. In a nutshell, it is a program born from my experiences.

This semester we offer a selection of support groups. On Monday nights, until Dec. 4, we offer a drop-in support group for students coping with the serious illness of a friend or family member. On Tuesday nights, until Nov. 21, we offer a drop-in grief

or bereavement group. The groups meet at 7 p.m. in Tobin Hall on the UMass campus. Students can attend as many or as few meetings as they like. In addition we are forming a number of six week bereavement groups, in which students commit to attend every meeting, group size is limited. All our services are free and confidential. If you are interested in any of these groups, would like more info. or need help in any way do not hesitate to call me, Jethro Lance Heiko at 586-5812.

I know that the end of this semester is approaching and I apologize if you did not know about this service until you read this, however I am committed to this program and will do my best to make sure you find support throughout the winter if you are around and certainly there will be services available next semester. I know it is difficult to come to a group, or even to call. I understand this feeling and can only assure you that we will do our best to create a comfortable space for you. Our groups are facilitated by graduate students in clinical psychology. The facilitators are all committed to this program and bring their own loss experiences to their skills of facilitating.

I would also like to share my beliefs concerning the ways in which our society approaches the issues of death and bereavement. Many more of us are dealing with these issues than many might think. For many of us our

college years are spent coping with our first major losses. We are making important life decisions which are affected by our views of our mortality, views which are shaped by our experiences with loss. You are not alone if you lost a father, mother, sister, child, brother, grandparent, aunt, uncle, close friend or fiancé. We are not brought up to discuss these painful issues honestly nor do we live in a cultural ethos where reaching out to others is encouraged, therefore, the feelings of being alone are very understandable. Talk to your friends if you have friends that will listen. If you don't, find some. And know that there are places for you to turn. If you have a friend coping with these experiences listen to them, do your best to support them, it will mean a great deal to your friendship.

REFLECT, is committed to providing and finding the support students need. We are there to educate the entire community about these issues and will continue to strive for active social and institutional transformation around issues of loss. If you have any questions, concerns, suggestions, or would like to be a participant in our groups do not hesitate to make yourself known to us. Thank you for your patience.

Jethro Lance Heiko,
Founder and Student Director of
REFLECT.

REFLECT is sponsored by the University of Massachusetts Office of the Dean of Students.

SECTION HATE

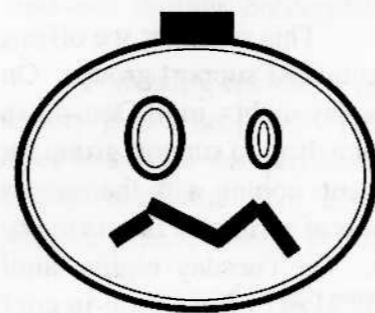
One More Big Paragraph...

This paragraph (and yes, I am still boycotting the indent key because I feel it's a mortal sin to create five spaces of nothingness when someone has yet to coin the term "feculent bonehole" in print) has been brought to you by the letter Q ("Sure, you need a U, but weren't you going to use one anyway?") and by the Word Formerly Known as "Woman" before the campus soil, in classic "Poltergeist" style, started to heave up tombstones (Rosa Jimenez: Only three days away from receiving her doctorates from three separate Ivy League universities, she became one of the first victims of the Hyde Amendment [motto: "We Get the Ones OJ Missed"] after accidentally being hit by the pregnancy stick while putting the final coat of paint on her perpetual motion machine. Died at the hands of a man whose only medical qualifications were bad handwriting and a stethoscope. She could have been Pope. Blame Newt.) and all the politically active ladies goosestepped over to the rally in Amherst. I didn't go, although I've been dying to ask one of them why none of the epitaphs mention the word "fetus"-remember them? The little buggers we've been squashing like seed-

less grapes? (By the way, if you want to whine about abortion, which I personally find more tedious than the "begat" section of the Bible, please don't address them to me. Why don't you harass Land instead-ask him why I'm not allowed to use a pseudonym while "Thelma and Louise" are-do I have to fondle his buttocks too? And if we're going to be editing these little philippics, Jonnie darling, can't we at least revise the college constitution a little, next time you decide to print the entire hideous thing? I think Article VII, the Hampshire Task Force, would be a nice place to surreptitiously slip in the phrase "by any means necessary". And possibly replace "Greg Prince" with the aforementioned "feculent bonehole".) So instead I staggered over to the Smoke-In this weekend and spent a good two hours trying to inhale a hemp basket. It didn't work. Later I ingested a chicken's foot and for a while I believed I was at a mediocre Phish concert, but by then it was time to leave and get ready for Hampshire Halloween. What a wonderful time we had. (I say "we" because by the end of the night I was convinced that I was alternately Lord Xargh of the Dark Realms and a rotting

turnip.) Our only regret is that we didn't get to see the haunted house, but nobody wanted to spend all night standing in a Disneyland-sized line between the half-naked guy who smelled vaguely of rotting meat and the girl who was dressed as a tampon. (A good costume if you want to make sure nobody with a Y chromosome comes within twenty feet of you. Forty if it's used.) Overall, the event typifies the Hampshire experience-free food, wandering around aimlessly and meeting people you think you recognize, gradually losing more and more of your apparel, discussing substance abuse and the occult with random strangers, and waking up the next afternoon locked in a carnal embrace with something three jumps down the evolutionary ladder from you. Remember, this is why you didn't go to UMass. Enjoy it.

Jeremy Treppin



Daylight Losings Time

So often lately I've been hearing the phrase "Time is so artificial," as an excuse for being somewhere late, not getting something done on time, or not knowing what day it is. Is it that people just like preaching the obvious around here, or are they just stupid? Of course time is artificial, you twit, we made it up. Time is a man-made concept designed for man, by man, so saying time is artificial is like saying nature is natural: you're not saying anything. What I really can't stand, though, is that these people are pointing out something that they don't like and then they sight artificiality as the reason, while the "artificial" things that these people like don't get a complaint. These are the same sorry assholes who are complaining that computers are artificial, but couldn't do a paper without one. The people who whine about money and buildings and cars being artificial, but don't complain so much when they go to their heated and lighted rooms for shelter every night, or take the artificial bus to the artificial town to buy artificial stuff. (These are the same people who complain about capitalism, but then try to sell you a copy of their socialist newsletter, but I digress.) These are the hypocrites who complain about problems without proposing solutions.

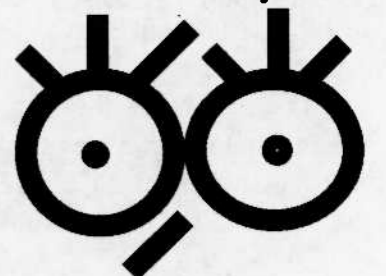
Just as bad, though, are the people who complain about real things because they are real. I was in the Dakin Oven Room (like it deserves capitalization)

the other day when some girl was trying to convince me that she didn't drink milk because (would you believe) "Milk wasn't designed for humans to eat." Once again this is something so obvious that I feel stupid mentioning that it's obvious for fear of being as stupidly obvious as she. Of course it isn't: **nothing on this planet is designed for humans to eat.** Do you think anything wants us to eat it or eat any part of it? This argument is an argument for drinking milk. We are at the top of the food chain we can eat anything we want to, but to think that anything is designed for us to eat is a pretty self-centered attitude to take. Do you think a pumpkin wants us to carve it, make pie of it's innards, and eat it's seeds? Do you think chickens want us to fry them for lunch and their mis-carriages for breakfast? What a bunch of shit. If you're not drinking milk because it tastes bad to you or makes you feel bad, then fine, but if the reason is because it wasn't produced for humans to eat, then you can't eat anything (except breast milk, which incidentally is the only food produced for humans to eat, and, coincidentally, is also about the only food item the we don't bottle or package). Further into the realms of ludicrousness and hypocrisy, this same confused girl admitted to eating butter, ice cream, and cheese all the time. And I was under the impression that everyone here was not only intelligent, but especially intelli-

gent about what they eat.

The point is that here at Hampshire there are a lot of diverse people who do a lot of diverse things. This only becomes a problem when someone tries to enforce their diverse ideas onto someone else (and for meaningless reasons no less). So for everyone out there complaining that time is too fake and milk is too real, give it up. Stop being so artificial to yourselves and stop trying to make your views so real to everyone else. If you don't drink milk, fine, just don't try to make me stop drinking it because it's not designed for me. That's wrong, maybe milk isn't for you, but *you* can't tell me that it's not for me. So go buy a watch and a carton of 100% whole milk and start living in moderation, because I'll tell you my view now: those people who eat nothing but water and salad and are always fifteen minutes early and just as stupidly radically extreme as those people who eat only French Fries (like they deserve capitalization) and pasta alfredo and are always fifteen minutes late. There is more to life than complaining and vegetables so open your eyes.

Trepp1nrant by:
Casey Nordell





Smashing Pumpkins

There were but a few things I knew about Smashing Pumpkins before I reviewed this album. I knew that they could be good sometimes, in my opinion, like in *Gish*. I also thought that at times they are mediocre and not at the best they can be. My feeling towards Smashing Pumpkins was a mild ambivalence not particularly leaning one way or the other. I knew they didn't impress me too much at Lalaploozza a couple of years ago. But I hear from pumpkin fans that they can either be great or they could suck live. Another thing I seem to notice is that you can't easily put a label on the Smashing Pumpkins fans, who all have different reasons on why they like the band. So I approached their new two CD set, *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, with a mind not expecting anything in particular, and some sorted mild expectations. What I got from the album was as mixed as the variety of songs and styles that Billy Corgan was trying to achieve in this album couplet.

I noticed at once the different type of art that almost thematically is drawn all over the two CD set. When I didn't try to analyze what Corgan was trying to do with the art, I actually appreciated it's wackiness: rab-

bits playing baseball, animals smoking out of a hookah, cats getting married in that old Beatrix Potter style drawing detailed animals as humans. The page numbers in the separate songbook were little figures—a neat touch. Fairy tale like song titles such as "Porcelina of The Vast Ocean", "Cupid de Loche" and "Thru the Eyes of A Ruby", along with the pictures, made me wonder if Billy has been reading any Lewis Carroll lately. The first song was actually closest to a classical piece, the only instrumental, using a piano and some strings. A point that I liked about the album was the different instruments heard in some of the slow songs—classical guitar, toy pianos and some kind of xylophone thing. That and the lyrics were the (only) creative aspects of the albums. These were mostly in the "slow" songs which were a good half of the twenty eight songs. I tend to bend more toward those songs as well as the other smashing pumpkins songs I know of that are different and more carefully arranged.

It certainly isn't that I dislike the raw, simple electric guitars and angry voice hard stuff. But on

Maybe if Billy didn't put so many songs on his new

album it would be okay. Sometimes picky artists are better artists. If The Smashing Pumpkins were indeed trying to change or experiment with a different style, then the songs with real character should be on one whole album. But of course there are always better and worse songs on every album, and this is my personal view on which songs are good and bad. I would suggest, though, saving some money and copying the good stuff onto a tape from a friend's CD.

Amber Cortes

Do you enjoy **kinky** stories? Does **erotica** turn you on?

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Now accepting poetry and prose

Deadline.... November 9th

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Winning entries will be published in our new zine!

Pseudonymous entries accepted will be published as such, however we must know your real name for contact purposes